circle of civilized industry. Of this negro race, seemingly predestined by Providence, after contact with the Caucasian races, to a higher development, a very large section is under the immediate tuition and influence of the people of the United States.

Already as much Christians as ourselves, year after year they adopt more and more our ideas, language, habits; indeed they take into their veins a constantly increasing portion of our Caucasian blood. They have, in fact, as a body, ceased to be Africans, just as our native-born white population have ceased to be Englishmen, Irishmen or Germans, they becoming black Americans just as we have become white Americans.

Now it is obvious that in this great body of civilized negroes, we have, if we did but know how to use them and were willing to do so, a most powerful and essential instrument toward extending ourselves, as it were—our ideas, our civilization, our commerce, industry and political institutions—through all the American torrid zone. Instead, however, of making the most of this great instrumentality toward bringing within our grasp these vast regions upon which we have fixed such covetous glances, we set to work as it were to cut off our own fingers, scornfully denying to these people, even those of them who are three-quarters of our own blood, the capacity of being citizens of the United States, and proclaiming the resolution—such is the doctrine preached by *The South*—to check any further progress or elevation on their part, and to keep them forever mere helpless and dependent slaves.

And what makes our policy in this matter the more absurd and suicidal is, that Great Britain, of whose designs upon the tropics *The South* evinces so great a jealousy, has adopted precisely the opposite course. She, too, has, in her West India colonies and elsewhere, a considerable section of the negro race under her immediate control; and, as if well aware of the great field which the uninhabited tropical regions present, and of the impossibility of occupying that field except through negro agency, she has set herself zealously to work by liberating and educating the negroes, and by acknowledging those under her jurisdiction as British subjects, with all the rights and privileges of Englishmen, to create for herself a body of black Englishmen, who, along with the education, intelligence, skill, self-esteem, self-reliance, and English ideas generally, of their white fellow-subjects, will possess also the capacity of enduring tropical climates, such as does not belong to the races of the temperate zones.

As to the idea put forth by *The South* and others who advocate the same views, of the cultivation of those tropical regions by slave labor, that is out of the question, except, indeed, by the revival and perpetuation of the African slave-trade, and on a much larger scale than ever before. Within the tropics, under forced labor for twelve hours or more per day, not even the African can propagate his race; nor has the black population of any tropical slave colony ever been kept up except by constant importations. For the purposes of slave-breeding, thanks to the Winter and its period of rest, Virginia is much better suited than the tropics.

One of the strong points against the Police bill is, that it deprives various city officers of rights heretofore enjoyed. But this is not the first instance of such privation, though it is the first of such outcry. Not many years ago, the Clerk of the County was Clerk of the Common Council, but was ousted by special act of the Legislature and a new man put in the place. The Mayor has had the nomination of Public Administrator, but the Charter of 1849 gave the power to the Corporation Counsel, and yet Mayor Woodhull never thought of an injunction. Not a thousand years ago, we had a property qualification for voters, but it was abolished, and even paupers came up to vote without a question as to their right. The Colonial and the State Legislatures have often modified the jealously-guarded ferry rights of New-York, but no Judge has been asked to interfere. When James Duane was Mayor, he was made Commissioner of Streets and Roads, and so acted; about that time, the Mayor and Aldermen could open, close, widen or contract streets and piers at their pleasure, without Supreme Court interference; the Alms-House and Bridewell Commissioners have peaceably surrendered to the Ten Governors; the Fire Wardens and the laws as to buildings were once made by Common Council; in 1807, Gouverneur Morris, Simeon De Witt (State Surveyor) and John Rutherford were appointed by the Legislature to have the exclusive power of laying out streets, roads and squares above the present Bond street, and they did lay out the whole island, their decision being final and beyond the reach of the city; in 1809 the same men were appointed Commissioners to lay out Canal street without Corporation interference; at the same period, the Mayor held a Court, and had both civil and criminal jurisdiction; in 1812 the corporate rights of the Mayor and Common Council were so little regarded that the Legislature went out of the State to get Commissioners to drain the Collect, and Cornelius Howard of Baltimore, Eli Whitney of New-Haven and Robert Fulton of New-York were named in the laws; in those days, Robert Macomb was allowed to dam Harlem River; in 1813 Police Justices and Clerks were unceremoniously turned out of office and others put in their places; the Mayor and Aldermen then appointed firemen, and the Common Council made laws for the Department; the Governor had the appointment of Ward Justices; any number of acts for special purposes have been passed, in which the corporators have been named; the license laws have been frequently changed; in 1825 the Wards were equalized by a special act; fees have been very generally abolished or turned into the Treasury, thus depriving public officers of much revenue; several streets were extended by the Legislature's imperial *shall be*, the Corporation being ignored in the premises; for a long time the State presumed to appoint Inspectors, Measurers and Weighers of all sorts of things, and even now appoints Notaries and Harbor Masters unquestioned; Pilots were appointed by the Governor; the Governor appointed the first Croton Aqueduct Commissioners; the Governor appointed Commissioners to divide the city into Election Districts; our elections were reduced from three days to one; the Governor appointed Commissioners to supervise the expenditure of money raised for charitable institutions; the Mayor has been turned out of the Common Council; the Aldermen and Assistants have been deprived of the appointment of Policemen; Aldermen have been driven from judicial power; Surrogate and Recorder were recently appointed by the Governor; the Legislature appointed the Trustees of the Juvenile Asylum, an institution peculiar to the city, and supported mainly by city money; in 1853, six years after the present State Constitution went into effect, the Legislature, by a special act, appointed a Board of Police Commissioners, taking the power from the Aldermen; all these, and many more specimens of governing New-York from Albany, are on record, yet until the present day no one has heard of the unconstitutionality of legislative acts pertaining to the city, or of the invasion of the people's chartered rights.

The abolition of Capital Punishment—that is, of the penalty of Death by the civil law—shares the fate of all other Humanitary Reforms in being no longer pressed with earnestness or regarded with popular favor in this State. It may not, however, be amiss to watch carefully the effect of the abolition of Capital Punishment in those States which have tried the experiment.

Mr. George, a member of the Legislature from Chautauque County, instituted an inquiry in the last Assembly into the expediency of action on this subject, and made a favorable report, accompanied by official documents of importance. Among these documents is a letter from Mr. John McKinney, Secretary of State of Michigan, who writes that Capital Punishment has been abolished in that State since June, 1846—over ten years. During the six years preceding that change, with an average population of 275,000, there were *seventeen* convictions for murder in the State; while during the ten years succeeding the change, with an average population of at least 400,000, there were but *twenty-three* convictions for murder, whereas had the ratio been equal to that under the Hanging régime, there would have been *thirty-seven*. Mr. McKinney has no doubt that capital crimes have been rendered more rare in Michigan by the abolition of the gallows; and he closes his letter with this strong assertion: "I do not think it possible "now to assemble a body of men in our Legisla- "ture who would be willing to assume the respon- "sibility of restoring the Death Penalty."

Lewis D. Moore, Deputy Secretary of Maine, writes that, by the act passed by the Legislature of that State in 1837, a convict sentenced to death is to be sent to the State Prison and there placed at hard labor for at least one year; after which he may be executed if the Executive so directs. Practically, but not legally, this amounts to an abolition of the Death Penalty, as no one has ever been ordered to execution during the twenty years that this law has stood on the statute-book. Seven persons are now in the State Prison under sentence of death; while two or three others, under like sentence, have either died or been sent to the insane asylum. Mr. Moore does not think the change from Hanging to this system "has had any material "effect either to increase or diminish the crime of "murder."

John R. Bartlett, Secretary of State of Rhode Island, reports that the Death Penalty was abolished by that State in January, 1852—five years ago. Only *two* persons have since been convicted of murder there; yet Mr. Bartlett (who is in favor of Hanging) writes that "the crime of murder has "increased in this State since the penalty of death "was abolished at least three-fold, but I will not "say as a consequence of that change." Mr. Bartlett thinks there is a growing sentiment in favor of Hanging in Rhode Island, and writes that the Legislature was then about to take action on the subject. That action has since been had, but the effort to restore the Death Penalty did not prevail. Such are the facts elicited by Mr. George's considerate and judicious movement. The time may come wherein they may be made the basis of action in New-York.

The thoughtful reader of a remarkably lucid and suggestive article on the Patent Office in a late TRIBUNE will have been struck by the fact therein stated that there is now one Examiner in that office whose entire attention is given to Harvesters (Reapers and Mowers), and another whose whole time is devoted to Sewing Machines, for which no less than two hundred patents have already been issued, while new ones are constantly applied for. The number of Reapers and Mowers is not stated, but it must be very considerable to require an Examiner's whole attention. We have been trying for some time to gather statistics with regard to these two classes of inventions, with success as yet imperfect; but we are satisfied that more than ten thousand Sewing Machines, with an equal number of Harvesters, were manufactured and sold in this country during the last year, the aggregate value of the former being probably under, and that of the latter something over, One Million dollars. And these two branches of manufacturing industry, extensive as they may seem, are evidently yet in their infancy. We shall have improvement on improvement, patent after patent, until these two classes of labor-saving implements, like most other manufactures, will be not enhanced in price, but cheapened by the large demand, until almost every grain or grass-growing farm will have its harvester and nearly every comfortable household its sewing-machine—a consummation which is evidently the work of many years yet, which will be approached in a constantly accelerating ratio.

These two classes of manufactures are essentially American; for we cannot learn that a single valuable patent for a sewing-machine has originated in any country but this, and not a reaper or mower that was deemed of any value at home until attention was drawn to it by the triumph of some American rival. At the Paris Exhibition, there could not have been less than scores of French contrivances for reaping and mowing by horse-power, of all ages this side of the antediluvian; not one of them worth more than five cents a pound for the old iron it contained. Whether the civilized world shall sooner or later reap, mow and sow by the aid of machinery, it will be indebted for the advance to Americans.

Even here, these inventions are relatively new. The oldest Reapers that have any value are those of McCormick and Hussey, first patented less than a quarter of a century ago. Most of their successful rivals are hardly yet ten years old. As to sewing-machines, no patent of any value has yet expired, so far as we know. We may fairly presume that we are yet in the first stage of improvement with regard to both.

Of course, a great majority of the patents obtained for either prove of no practical value, and only entail loss on the inventors and their backers. This is so in all departments of invention. Of the two hundred patents on sewing-machines, probably not more than ten ever yielded a net farthing to their contrivers, and not twenty ever will. Of the various machines for sewing probably not half a dozen have any decided merit whatever. But *some* must have merit, or they would not sell in a constantly accelerating ratio. We have already cited the fact that a single thrifty and enterprising house, largely engaged in the fabrication of Hooped Skirts, has now one hundred and seventy-five sewing machines constantly at work, and is steadily adding to the number. There are seamstresses in our city who first borrowed the money the buy one, and now own two or three, hiring other seamstresses to work those for which their own hands do not suffice. For sewing leather or other work too heavy for delicate female fingers, some of them are unequaled. It might be extravagant to-day to estimate that half the sewing in our city is done by machines; but the time is rapidly approaching when at least three-fourths will be. And we have heard that one inventor who does not now make at all, is receiving of various manufacturers at the rate of $30,000 per annum for the privilege of using his patent.

As to Mowers and Reapers, their value cannot be estimated. An intelligent farmer casually said to us some time since: "My mower has paid for itself the first year—indeed, I could not have made my hay without it." Another said a few days since: "My mower has made me a gentleman," meaning that it had relieved him of his chief trouble—that of obtaining men to make his hay in due season. In the great dairy and stock regions of our country, it is impossible to hire men enough fit to mow to get in the hay crop in due season. Exorbitant prices will not command them, for they do not exist. Harvesters have already released thousands from the mortification of seeing their crops perishing ungathered from absolute want of laborers. Even though the cost were not diminished—as it notoriously is—by harvesters, the fact that the work can now be done in season, and fine weather improved to the utmost, would render these machines of immense utility.

Such is but a single chapter—at most, two chapters—in that industrial progress which is opening a new era for mankind. Let us hope that its blessings will be enjoyed by the many, not monopolized by the few.

The people of Iowa are to vote in August next on a proposition to allow colored men to vote on the same terms and subject to the same restrictions and disabilities with other men—that is to say: If they have the qualifications of nativity or naturalization, residence, &c., required to make others voters, then they too shall be entitled to vote. This is a most righteous proposition, and we wish it could be carried; but we have no belief that it will be. For, in the first place, the Slave Democrats will all vote against it; next, the great body of Fillmore Americans will do so; and thirdly, thousands of Republicans, frightened by the din about "amalgamation," "negro equality," &c., will either vote with these enemies of Equal Rights or refrain from voting at all. And the Constitutional Convention, in which there was a nominal Republican majority of *six* only, but a decided majority including all the Democrats, in opposition to Negro Suffrage, contrived a mode of *making every one who withholds his vote on this question count as voting against Equal Suffrage*. The Convention stipulated that, in order to entitle the Blacks to vote, there must be a vote in their favor *exceeding one half of the total vote for and against the adoption of the New State Constitution*. Now as it is morally certain that nearly every one will vote for or against the Constitution, while thousands will not take interest enough in this subordinate Question to vote at all, or being ashamed to vote against equal and Universal Suffrage, will simply refrain from voting upon it, knowing that this will answer the same purpose as a vote in the negative, it is clear that Equal Suffrage will be voted down even if there should be a majority in its favor, instead of a probable majority of thousands against it. We reprehended this dodge when the proposed Constitution was first published; but we could not have imagined that any paper would, as *The Albany Atlas* has just done, represent this contrivance of the enemies of Equal Suffrage to make all the withheld votes count in their favor, as actually a device of the *friends* of such equality to carry their point even against an adverse majority of thousands. Surely *The Atlas* cannot need to descend to misrepresentations so gross as this, in order to perpetuate the disfranchisement of a despised and down-trodden race.

The opponents of Slavery Extension in Connecticut have saved their State Administration by a few hundreds of votes, and lost two Members of Congress when it was of the highest importance to save them, because they allowed themselves to be placed in a false position. The stormy day of election deprived them of thousands of votes: but it would not have done so had the great issue been plainly and simply before the People. Suppose it had rained torrents last November Election day, would the majority for Fremont have been materially diminished?

The ticket opposed to Pro-Slavery aggression was christened "Union"—that is, a union of "Republicans" and "Americans." But this "Union" was a sham and a snare—it did not secure the vote of a single Pro-Slavery Know-Nothing, while it repelled hundreds of European-born Republicans, who were ready to vote to enfranchise all men, but not to seem to acquiesce in any project which in spirit disfranchised themselves. They did not mean to vote that any portion of the human race born and living in this land of light and liberty "have "no rights which white men were bound to re- "spect;" but they could not forget that they themselves had rights, and were bound to maintain them. Hence the State was nearly lost through cross-purposes and ambiguous issues—Stonington, Waterbury, Bridgeport, &c., being carried by an open coalition of Fillmore Americans with the Sham Democracy, while New-Haven was thrown against us by the solid array of the adopted citizens, many of whom are Republicans in sentiment, and would have been so in act but for their abhorrence of Know-Nothing proscription.

The opponents of the Slave Democracy in Connecticut cannot remain under this cross-fire; they must face one way or the other. They can place themselves in line with the great living party of the Free States, or they can identify themselves with the putrefying remains of a by-gone party which is not now predominant in a single State of the Union, and whose remaining managers are now plotting and bargaining, slandering and stabbing private character, in a desperate effort to carry over their late followers to the camp of the Slave Democracy. In the whole Union there is to-day one practical, vital, overshadowing issue—the surrender of the Federal Territories to Slavery or their preservation for Free Labor. He who is for Free Labor exults over such results as have recently been achieved in Wisconsin, Michigan, St. Louis, Leavenworth, &c., and neither asks nor cares whether the victors were all born in this country or a part of them in Europe; while he who would open our whole National Domain to Slavery does not care one button whether his coworkers in that cause rally under the banner of Sam or that of Sham, for there is no practical difference. The Roman Catholic journals of the whole country and such "American" organs as *The Express*, *Albany Statesman*, *Philadelphia News*, &c., all in effect harp on the same string—are all eminently "National," "Conservative," and devoted to "the Union;" they are all intensely and equally shocked at "Black Republican treason," "disunion," "corruption," &c. They are divided in semblance, but united in reality; and wherever they can win an election by joining teams (and sometimes when they only think they can), they do it unhesitatingly. They can be successfully resisted only by a hearty union on the distinctive Republican platform, since to hold a half-way position is to repel foreign-born Republicans without attracting Pro-Slavery "Americans." We beg the electors of Connecticut, who stand by Slavery Restriction, to ponder these truths and act upon them promptly and decisively.

Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe.

No. XIX.

THE RETURN TO MUONIOVARA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

MUONIOVARA, Lapland, Jan. 22, 1857.

While at Kautokeino I completed my Lapp outfit by purchasing a scarlet cap, stuffed with eider down, a pair of *ballinger*, or reindeer leggings, and the *komager*, or broad, boat-shaped shoes, filled with dry, soft hay, and tightly bound around the ankles, which are worn by everybody in Lapland. Attired in these garments, I made a very passable Lapp, barring a few superfluous inches of stature, and at once realized the prudence of conforming in one's costume to the native habits. After the first feeling of awkwardness is over, nothing can be better adapted to the Polar Winter than the Lapp dress. I walked about at first with the sensation of having each foot in the middle of a large feather-bed, but my blood preserved its natural warmth, even after sitting for hours in an open pulk. The *ballinger*, fastened around the thighs by drawing-strings of reindeer sinew, are so covered by the poesk that one becomes, for all practical purposes, a biped reindeer, and may wallow in the snow as much as he likes without the possibility of a particle getting through his hide.

The temperature was, nevertheless, singularly mild when we set out on our return. There had been a violent storm of wind and snow the previous night, after which the mercury rose to 16° above zero. We waited until noon before our reindeers could be collected, and then set off, with the kind farewell wishes of the four Norwegian inhabitants of the place. I confess to a feeling of relief when we turned our faces southward, and commenced our return to daylight. We had at last seen the Polar night, the day without a sunrise, we had driven our reindeer under the arches of the aurora borealis, we had learned enough of the Lapps to convince us that further acquaintance would be of little profit, and it now seemed time to attempt an escape from the limbo of Death into which we had ventured. Our faces had already begun to look pale and faded from three weeks of alternate darkness and twilight, but the novelty of our life preserved us from any feeling of depression and prevented any perceptible effect upon our bodily health, such as would assuredly have followed a protracted experience of the Arctic Winter. Every day now would bring us further over the steep northern shoulder of the Earth, and nearer to that great heart of life in the south, where her blood pulsates with eternal warmth. Already there was a perceptible increase of the sun's altitude, and at noonday a thin upper slice of his disc was visible for about half an hour.

By Herr Berger's advice, we engaged as guide to Lippsjärvi, a Lapp, who had formerly acted as postman, and professed to be able to find his way in the dark. The wind had blown so violently that it was probable we should have to break our own road for the whole distance. Leaving Kautokeino, we travelled up the valley of a frozen stream, toward desolate ranges of hills, or rather shelves of the table land, running north-east and south-west. They were spotted with patches of stunted birch, but else were bare and dismal. Our deer were recruited, and we made very good progress while the twilight lasted. At some Lapp tents, where we stopped to make inquiries about the ice, I was much amused by the appearance of a group of children, who strikingly resembled bear-cubs standing on their hind legs. They were coated with reindeer hide from head to foot, with only a little full-moon of tawny red face visible.

We stopped at Siepe an hour to bait the deer. The single wooden hut was crowded with Lapps, one of whom, apparently the owner, spoke a little Norwegian. He knew who we were, and asked me many questions about America. He was most anxious to know what was our religion, and what course the Government took with regard to different sects. He seemed a little surprised, and not less pleased, to hear that all varieties of belief were tolerated, and that no one sect possessed any peculiar privileges over another. (It is only very recently that dissenters from the Orthodox Church have been allowed to erect houses of worship in Norway.) While we were speaking on these matters, an old woman, kneeling near us, was muttering prayers to herself, wringing her hands, sobbing, and giving other evidences of violent religious excitement. This appeared to be a common occurrence, as none of the Lapps took the slightest notice of it. I have no doubt that much of that hallucination which led to the murders at Kautokeino still exists among the people, kept alive by secret indulgence. Those missionaries have much to answer for who have planted the seeds of spiritual disease among this ignorant and impressible race.

The night was cold and splendidly clear. We were obliged to leave the river on account of rotten ice, and took to the open plains, where our deers sank to their bellies in the loose snow. The leading animals became fractious, and we were obliged to stop every few minutes, until their paroxysms subsided. I could not perceive that the Lapps themselves exercised much more control over them than we, who were new to the business. The domesticated reindeer still retains his wild instincts, and never fails to protest against the necessity of labor. The most docile will fly from the track, plunge, face about and refuse to draw, when you least expect it. They are possessed by an incorrigible stupidity. Their sagacity applies only to their animal wants, and they seem almost totally deficient in memory. They never become attached to men, and the only sign of recognition they show, is sometimes to allow certain persons to catch them more easily than others. In point of speed they are not equal to the horse, and an hour's run generally exhausts them. When one considers their size, however, their strength and power of endurance seem marvelous. Herr Berger informed me that he had driven a reindeer from Alten to Kautokeino, 112 miles, in twenty-six hours, and from the latter place to Muoniovara in thirty. I was also struck by the remarkable adaptation of the animal to its uses. Its hoof resembles that of the camel, being formed for snow as the latter for sand. It is broad, cloven and flexible, the separate divisions spreading out so as to present a resisting surface when the foot is set down, and falling together when it is lifted. Thus in snows where a horse would founder in the space of a hundred yards, the deer easily works his way, mile after mile, drawing the sliding, canoe-like pulk, burdened with his master's weight, after him.

The Lapps generally treat their animals with the greatest patience and forbearance, but otherwise do not exhibit any particular attachment for them. They are indebted to them for food, clothing, habitation and conveyance, and their very existence may therefore almost be said to depend on that of their herds. It is surprising, however, what a number of deer are requisite for the support of a family. Von Buch says that a Lapp who has a hundred deer is poor, and will be finally driven to descend to the coast and take to fishing. The cows are never made to labor, but are kept in the woods for milking and breeding. Their milk is said to be rich and nourishing, but I have not yet had an opportunity of testing it. The cheese made from it is strong and not particularly palatable. It yields an oil which is the sovereign specific for frozen flesh. The male deers used for draft are always castrated, which operation the old Lapp women perform by slowly chewing the glands between their teeth until they are reduced to a pulp, without wounding the hide.

During this journey I have had ample opportunity of familiarizing myself with reindeer travel. It is picturesque enough at the outset, but when the novelty of the thing is worn off nothing is left but a continual drain upon one's patience. Nothing can exceed the coolness with which your deer jumps off the track, slackens his tow-rope, turns around and looks you in the face, as much as to say: "What are you going to do about it?" The simplicity and stupidity of his countenance seem to you to be admirably feigned, and unless you are an old hand you are inevitably provoked. This is particularly pleasant on the marshy table-lands of Lapland, where, if he takes a notion to bolt with you, your pulk bounces over the hard tussocks, sheers sideways down the sudden pitches, or swamps itself in beds of loose snow. Harness a frisky sturgeon to a "dug-out," in a rough sea, and you will have some idea of this method of traveling. While I acknowledge the Providential disposition of things which has given the reindeer to the Lapp, I cannot avoid thanking Heaven that I am not a Lapp, and that I shall never travel again with reindeer.

The aberrations of our deer obliged us to take a very sinuous course. Sometimes we headed north, and sometimes south, and the way seemed so long that I mistrusted the quality of our guide; but at last a light shone ahead. It was the hut of Eitajärvi. A lot of pulks lay in front of it, and the old Finn stood already with a fir torch, waiting to light us in. On arriving, Anton was greeted by his sister Caroline, who had come thus far from Muoniovara, on her way to visit some relatives at Altengaard. She was in company with some Finns, who had left Lippajärvi the day previous, but losing their way in the storm, had wandered about for twenty-four hours, exposed to its full violence. Think of an American girl of eighteen sitting in an open pulk, with the thermometer at zero, a furious wind and blinding snow beating upon her, and neither rest nor food for a day! There are few who would survive twelve hours, yet Caroline was as fresh, lively and cheerful as ever, and immediately set about cooking our supper. We found a fire in the cold guest's room, the place swept and cleaned, and a good bed of deer-skins in one corner. The temperature had sunk to 12° below zero, and the wind blew through wide cracks in the floor, but between the fire and the reciprocal warmth of our bodies we secured a comfortable sleep—a thing of the first consequence in this climate.

Our deer started well in the morning, and the Lapp guide knew his way perfectly. The wind had blown so strongly that the track was cleared rather than filled, and we slipped up the long slopes at a rapid rate. I recognized the narrow valley where we first struck the northern streams, and the snowy plain beyond, where our first Lapp guide lost his way. By this time it was beginning to grow lighter, showing us the dreary wastes of table-land which we had before crossed in the fog. North of us was a plain of unbroken snow, extending to a level line on the horizon, where it met the dark violet sky. Were the color changed, it would have perfectly represented the sandy plateaus of the Nubian Desert, in so many particulars does the extreme North imitate the extreme South. But the sun, which never deserts the desert, had not yet returned to these solitudes. Far, far away, on the edge of the sky, a dull red glimmer showed where he moved. Not the table-land of Pamir, in Thibet, the cradle of the Oxus and the Indus, but this lower Lapland terrace, is entitled to the designation of the "Roof of the World." We were on the summit, creeping along her mountain rafters, and looking southward, off her shelving eaves, to catch a glimpse of the light playing on her majestic front. Here, for once, we seemed to look down on the horizon, and I thought of Europe and the Tropics as lying below. Our journey northward had been an ascent, but now the world's steep sloped downward before us into sunshine and warmer air. In ascending the Andes or the Himalayas, you pass through all climates and belts of vegetation between the Equator and the Pole, and so a journey due north, beyond the circle of the sun, simply reverses the phenomenon, and impresses one like the ascent of a mountain on the grandest possible scale.

In two hours from the time we left Eitajärvi we reached the Lapp encampment. The herds of deer had been driven in from the woods, and were clustered among the birch bushes around the tents. We had some difficulty in getting our own deer past them, until the Lapps came to our assistance. We made no halt, but pushed on, through deeper snows than before, over the desolate plain. As far as Palajärvi we ran with our gunwales below the snow-level, while the foremost pulks were frequently swamped under the white waves that broke over them. We passed through a picturesque gorge between two hills about 500 feet high, and beyond it came upon wide lakes covered deep with snow, under which there was a tolerable track, which the leading deer was able to find with his feet. Beyond these lakes there was a ridge, which we had no sooner crossed than a dismally grand prospect opened before us. We overlooked a valley-basin, marked with belts of stunted birch, and stretching away for several miles to the foot of a bleak snowy mountain, which I at once recognized as Lippivara. After rounding its western point and turning southward again, we were rejoiced with the sight of some fir-trees, from which the snow had been shaken, brightening even with their gloomy green the white monotony of the Lapland wilderness. It was like a sudden gleam of sunshine.

We reached Lippajärvi at twelve, having made 28 miles of hard travel in five hours. Here we stopped two hours to cook a meal and change our deer, and then pushed on to reach Palajoki the same night. We drove through the birch woods, no longer glorious as before, for the snow had been shaken off, and there was no sunset light to transfigure them. Still on, plowing through deep seas in the gathering darkness, over marshy plains, all with a slant southward, draining into the Muonio, until we reached the birchen ridge of Suontajärvi, with its beautiful firs rising here and there, silent and immovable. Even the trees have no voices in the North, let the wind blow as it will. There is nothing to be heard but the sharp whistle of the dry snow—the same dreary music which accompanies the African simoom. The night was very dark, and we began to grow exceedingly tired of sitting flat in our pulks. I looked sharp for the Palajock Elv, the high fir-fringed banks of which I remembered, for they denoted our approach to the Muonio; but it was long, long before we descended from the marshes upon the winding road of snow-covered ice. In vain I shifted my aching legs and worked my benumbed hands, looking out ahead for the embouchure of the river. Braisted and I encouraged each other, whenever we were near enough to hear, by the reminder that we had only one more day with reindeer. After a long time spent in this way, the high banks flattened, level snows and woods succeeded, and we sailed into the port of Palajoki.

The old Finnish lady curtsied very deeply as she recognized us, and hastened to cook our coffee and reindeer, and to make us a good bed with sheets. On our former visit the old lady and her sons had watched us undress and get into bed, but on this occasion three buxom daughters, of ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-two, appeared about the time for retiring, and stationed themselves in a row near the door, where they watched us with silent curiosity. As we had shown no hesitation in the first case, we determined to be equally courageous now, and commenced removing our garments with great deliberation, allowing them every opportunity of inspecting their fashion and the manner of wearing them. The work thus proceeded in mutual silence until we were nearly ready for repose, when Braisted, by pulling off a stocking and displaying a muscular calf, suddenly alarmed the youngest, who darted to the door and rushed out. The second caught the panic, and followed, and the third and oldest was therefore obliged to do likewise, though with evident reluctance. I was greatly amused at such an unsophisticated display of curiosity. The perfect composure of the girls, and the steadiness with which they watched us, showed that they were quite unconscious of having committed any impropriety.

This morning was clear and cold. Our deer had strayed so far into the woods that we did not get under way before the forenoon twilight commenced. We expected to find a broken road down the Muonio, but a heavy snow had fallen yesterday and the track was completely filled. Long Isaac found so much difficulty in taking the lead, his deer constantly bolting from the path, that Anton finally relieved him, and by standing upright in the pulk and thumping the deer's flanks, succeeded in keeping up the animal's spirits and forcing a way. It was slow work, however, and the sun, rolling his whole disc above the horizon, announced midday before we reached Kyrkessuando. As we drove up to the little inn we were boisterously welcomed by Häl, Herr Forström's brown wolf-dog, who had strayed thus far from home. Our deer were beginning to give out, and we were very anxious to reach Muoniovara in time for dinner, so we only waited long enough to give the animals a feed of moss and procure some hot milk for ourselves.

The snow-storm, which had moved over a narrow belt of country, had not extended below this place, and the road was consequently well broken. We urged our deer into a fast trot, and slid down the icy floor of the Muonio, past hills whose snows flashed scarlet and rose-orange in the long splendor of sunset. Hunger and the fatigue which our journey was producing at last, made us extremely sensitive to the cold, though it was not more than 20° below zero. My blood became so chilled, that I was apprehensive the extremities would freeze, and the most vigorous motion of the muscles barely sufficed to keep at bay the numbness which attacked them. At dusk we drove through Upper Muonionieka, and our impatience kept the reindeers so well in motion that before 5 o'clock (although long after dark), we were climbing the well-known slope to Herr Forström's house at Muoniovara. Here we find the merchant, not yet departed to the Lapp fair at Karessuando, and Mr. Wolley, who welcomed us with the cordiality of an old friend. Our snug room at the carpenter's was already warmed and set in order, and after our reindeer drive of 250 miles through the wildest parts of Lapland, we feel a home-like sense of happiness and comfort in smoking our pipes before the familiar iron stove.

The trip to Kautokeino embraces about all I shall see of Lapp life this Winter. The romance of the tribe, as I have already said, has totally departed with their conversion, while their habits of life, scarcely improved in the least, are sufficiently repulsive to prevent any closer experience than I have had, unless the gain were greater. Mr. Wolley, who has been three years in Lapland, says that the superstitions and picturesque traditions of the people have almost wholly disappeared, and the coarse mysticism and rant which they have engrafted upon their imperfect Christianity does not differ materially from the same excrescences in more civilized races. They have not even (the better for them, it is true) any characteristic and picturesque vices—but have become, certainly to their own great advantage, a pious, fanatical, moral, ignorant and commonplace people. I have described them exactly as I found them, and as they have been described to me by those who knew them well. The readers of "Afraja" may be a little disappointed with the picture, as I confess I have been (in an artistic sense, only) with the reality, but the Lapps have lost many vices with their poetic *diablerie*, and nobody has a right to complain.

It is a pity that many traits which are really characteristic and interesting in a people cannot be mentioned on account of that morbid prudery so prevalent in our country, which insults the unconscious innocence of Nature. Oh, that one could imitate the honest unreserve of the old travelers—the conscientiousness which insisted on telling not only the truth, but the whole truth! This is scarcely possible, now; but at the same time I have not been willing to emasculate my accounts of the tribes of men to the extent perhaps required by our ultra conventionalism, and must insist, now and then, on being allowed a little Flemish fidelity to nature. In the description of races, as in the biography of individuals, the most important half of life is generally omitted. B. T.

IOWA.—We have not yet received complete returns of the recent election in Iowa, but from such as we have received infer that on a light vote, the Buchaneers have beaten us by about 1,000 majority.